the maps of your hands

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the maps of your hands

by peacefrog

Summary

Hannibal’s touch skimmed from Will’s knees up to his thighs, stopping just at the line of his boxers. Will stared down at Hannibal’s fingers, at the veins like ley lines mapping the backs of his hands. “Can I ask you something?”

Will curled up in the armchair in the corner of the kitchen, knees tucked against his chest. Hannibal stood at the counter, drying their juice glasses from breakfast, looking far too pleased.

“They make dishwashers, you know.”

Hannibal wore the veil of a smile, a subtle flash of fondness on his face. His eyes remained downcast and focused on his task. “Some things are still best when done by hand.”

Will wore one of Hannibal’s sweaters, pulling the cuffs down over his fingers. “I like your hands,” he said, a blush creeping up his cheeks when he realized he’d said the words out loud.

The glass clinked against the counter as Hannibal set it down. He neatly folded his towel before crossing the room to pull Will’s knees down and kneel between them. “My hands are rather fond of you as well.”

Hannibal’s touch skimmed from Will’s knees up to his thighs, stopping just at the line of his boxers. Will stared down at Hannibal’s fingers, at the veins like ley lines mapping the backs of his hands. “Can I ask you something?”

Hannibal tucked Will’s hands inside the warmth of his own. “Of course.”

“What you asked me to call you the other night, is that something you want me to…” Will flushed, overheated, blood set to boil. “Is that something you want me to call you all the time?”

Hannibal drew one of Will’s hands to his lips and kissed the tips of his fingers. “Is it something you’d like to call me all of the time?” He pushed up Will’s sleeve and dragged his lips across the throb of his pulse.

“I don’t know,” Will said. He shuddered as Hannibal rucked the fabric up and trailed kisses to the crook of his elbow. “Maybe not all the time.”

“Some words lose their impact the more we use them.” Hannibal turned his attention to Will’s other hand, pressing a kiss to the center of his palm. “Although your one and only utterance of this particular word could barely be considered a whisper.”

Will pulled his hand away and tugged the sweater off, tossing it behind Hannibal on the floor. He smiled and pulled Hannibal forward into his lap. “Are you really asking me to say it again?”

Hannibal nuzzled behind Will’s ear. “I’m merely stating a fact.”

The heat of Hannibal’s lips melted against Will’s muscles and seeped down into his bones. “What does you being… *that* mean exactly?”

Hannibal pulled back and raked his honey-brown gaze over Will's face. "What would you like it to mean?"

"Don't ask like you don't already have something very specific in mind."

Hannibal sat back on his heels and clasped his hands in his lap. "I've already expressed my desire to care for you," he said. "I meant that in every way."

Will had a stubborn predilection for independence woven into his DNA. Having Bev living with him and paying half the bills — more than half if he were being honest — was bad enough. "I can take care of myself just fine," he said. "Buying me that suit was one thing, but I'm not a child. I don't need to rely on others for support."

"I never said you were a child." Hannibal's expression remained even and unreadable. "I admit to this being an entirely selfish request. The more you allow me to care for you, the more I will have you near."

"I'm not quitting my job."

"Laboring in a boatyard for pennies hardly seems worth your time."

"I like it. I like working with my hands. Engines are like puzzles. Predictable. I always know what I'm going to get." Will gave his words a moment to soak in. Hannibal hardly blinked. "And I'm not quitting school either."

"I would never imagine asking you to do such a thing."

"Good."

"Is there anything else you would like to discuss?"

Far too many things, Will thought. "The safe word," he said, "and everything that entails. How far is that going to go?"

"As far as you would like it to go."

"Is it okay if I'm not sure yet?"

Hannibal gave him a barely perceptible nod. "Of course," he said. "It can sometimes be helpful to go over things that are absolutely off the table to begin with."

With so little to go on, Will felt at a loss for that as well. "I liked the… the spanking," he said, heat spreading down his chest, "but I don't think I'd like to be hit anywhere else. I liked it when you tied me up. I'd like to maybe try that again."

"Any time you'd like," Hannibal assured him. He had lines of tension in his neck and his fingers strained where they were twined together.

Will leaned back into the supple leather of the chair, spreading his thighs wide, an unspoken invitation Hannibal was powerless to resist.

Hannibal's hand trailed up Will's shin, over the curve of his knee and across the sensitive skin of his inner thigh. His fingers disappeared beneath the fabric of Will's shorts, stopping when they reached Will's balls and the base of his thickening cock.

"*Fuck*," Will groaned, throwing his head back and arching up into Hannibal's touch.

Hannibal's fingers curled low on Will's shaft. He began to stroke him to aching hardness. "Tell me how it feels," he purred, hand straining against Will's boxers with each slick slide of his hand.

"You know how it feels," Will spat the words out with a laugh. "Like you're stroking my cock."

"Do you feel cared for?"

Will trapped his bottom lip between his teeth. "That's one way of putting it."

Hannibal leaned forward to press their mouths together, sure grip and clever little twists of his wrist pulling moans from Will's belly so deep he could barely manage to return the kiss.

"Do you feel safe?" Hannibal's words tickled across Will's cheek and made the hair at his nape stand on end.

Will laughed again. It was swallowed up but a groan. "I feel like I'm gonna come."

Will began to buck his hips and dig his fingers into the arms of the chair. Hannibal pulled his hand abruptly away.

Will couldn't help but whine. "What the fuck."

"If you'd like me to continue, please answer my question."

Will wanted to roll his eyes. His cock throbbed inside his shorts. He considered reaching a hand in and finishing the job himself. "Yes, Hannibal," he relented, swallowing dryly around the words. "I feel cared for. I feel safe."

There was no mistaking the flare of heat behind Hannibal's eyes. "Good," he said. "Would you care to tell me what you want?"

Will's whole body shook in a trembling breath. "I want you to make me come."

"That's an end result of action," Hannibal explained, his chilling calm near infuriating as Will sat there buzzing with need. "How would you like that to be achieved."

"Please, Hannibal. If you want me to beg, I'll beg."

"I assure you, that won't be necessary."

Hannibal was the one begging, Will thought, only this time he wouldn't use his words. Will narrowed his eyes and arched his back, lifting his hips to shove his shorts down around his

knees.

“Take care of me,” he said, his cherry-red cock head leaving a sticky trail against his belly. “Please,” he licked his lips and locked Hannibal in his hooded gaze, “daddy.”

Hannibal pounced the moment that word fell from Will’s lips, sealing his mouth around Will’s cock and sinking down, down… swallowing him in one sure gulp. Will came with a single, gasping thrust of his hips, Hannibal’s fingers digging into the meat of his thighs hard enough to leave angry red prints behind in their wake.

Hannibal swallowed and thumbed at the corners of his mouth delicately as Will tucked himself away. Hannibal’s own erection tented at the front of his slacks and Will felt a sympathetic pang between his legs.

Will licked his lips. “Do you want me to take care of that?”

“Perhaps later,” Hannibal said, brushing his hair back into place as he stood, regal and finicky as a well-groomed cat. “For now, there’s something I’d like you to have.”

Hannibal disappeared down the hall for a moment and came back with a small black box tucked into his palm. Will’s heart sped to a gallop as he lifted off the top. A bright silver key stared up at him from inside.

“Is this for here?”

Hannibal bowed his head. “It is.”

Will fought the urge to protest or remind him of the very short amount of time that had passed since their meeting. He chose instead to take Hannibal’s hand and graze his knuckles with the faintest hint of a kiss. “Thank you.”

Hannibal smiled down at him, his adoration spilling like a brimming cup.

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